

Plucking Daisy

by Crilbyte

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Summary: The world is a big place, aliens and humans living together, and technology is more advanced than ever before. The robotics industry is booming. More and more people want humanoid androids and there's only one company that sells them, Avia: Advanced Virtual Intelligence Automatons. Dr. Jonathan Baker is a high ranking scientist working for AVIA

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*Temp Name: \*\*Dr. Jonathan Baker

\*\*Physical:\*\*

5'11"

Thin

Very pale orange hair

Short hair, but styled

Light blue eyes

Pale skin

29-30

\*\*Appearance:\*\*

Rectangle glasses, metal frames

white button up shirt

slightly darker than sky blue sweater vest

dark blue tie tucked under vest

khaki dress pants

brown dress shoes

sometimes lab coat

**\*\*Personality:\*\***

Sweet

Extremely  
Intelligent

Quiet

Demure

Protective

Dedicated

Childish

**\*\*Character Chunk\*\***

Jonathan was focused.

He had been working on this V.I. shell for almost three days now and he was almost done. He pressed the last cord into its port and sat back, tapping in a few commands on the touch screen of his armrest. His chair pulled away and up into the air until his feet only barely touched the floor. In front of him, metallic arms gripped the shell and pulled it up into the air, sealing the open panels and covering any exposed wiring. Once it was done he touched the air in front of him revealing a screen. He typed in a series of instructions and the computer responded in time, starting up the boot process of the shell. He looked up just as it opened its eyes: all different colours flashed in them, along with code, as it booted up for the first time.

This was why he came to work every day. He loved this. Watching the life flow into one of his creations. Jonathan leaned forward in his chair, the screen in front of him disappearing as to not be in his way. Scooting to the edge, Jonathan placed his elbows on his knees, clasping one hand over the other and resting his chin on them. His eyes softened and he sighed as the shell opened its mouth and took its first breath of air. Its eyes calmed their storm and settled on the colour blue, which was the standard setting his company chose, and turned to focus on him.

He stared at her a few moments longer before finally saying,  
"Hello."

"Hello," the shell responded.

"Have a nice nap?" he asked, smiling.

"I was not asleep," it responds.

"You looked asleep. Maybe you were dead? Ever think of that? I do; think that maybe you're all dead until you get here and then I bring you back to life, or to life for the first time. I'm not sure."

"I was not dead. I am not alive. I am a Virtual Intelligence Automaton."

Jonathan sighed; it was a normal factory response. Every day he wondered if one would ever respond different, but they never did.

"Tell me your product number," he asked pulling the screen in front of him back up and into existence.

The bot listed of a long series of letters and numbers and Jonathan typed them in without any hesitation, yet his eyes drooped and glossed over. He asked the V.I. all the protocoled questions, after deciding it didn't have any obvious bugs, he pulled up the finalization documents on his screen and typed in the name that was assigned by the consumer. Only two more things left. Personalization and signing off.

"What is your name?" he asked the shell.

"Cookie," the bot replied.

He scoffed, the names that people requested for these bots sometimes amazed him. Like strippers or bad pet names. He spun the colour dial on his screen and tapped next to it, locking it in. He did this a few more times before hitting the dump button.

When Jonathan looked up the skin was already filling in, covering the white steel of the automaton as if it were being painted by invisible paint brushes, the torso turned a pale pink colour where a bra and underwear should be, the company name printed on them, AVIA; the abbreviation for Advanced Virtual Intelligence Automatons. Hair began to grow from her scalp, long and blonde, curling up at the edges. Her cheeks turned a shade of pink and her lips reddened and became slightly fuller. Her lashes grew long and dark, her irises glowing brightly under them. When the customization process finished the arms lowered her onto a platform where she stood to balance herself before placing a slender, delicate hand on her hip.

Jonathan looked away from the gaudy thing that he'd created and sent her off. The platform pulling her away and into the black hole in the wall.

"Good luck out there," he yelled to her before she disappeared.

He sat in his chair a moment before standing. and walking towards a panel that was set into the wall. He tapped it lightly with one finger and it hissed before retracting and revealing its contents. Jonathan smiled.

This job had taken him longer than he had originally intended, which bothered him. It was finished much earlier than the company told customers to expect their custom automatons to be created though, which was why he was as respected at the company as he was, and was also why they looked away when he started little side projects like this one.

Jonathan swiped his hand in the air next to him and the screen popped up again. He typed in a few commands and another arm extended from the wall, on it perched the upper torso and head of a girl, her skin hadn't been applied and her hair wasn't there, but she was beautiful. This would be his masterpiece.

He reached up and touched her face softly, trailing his finger down her smooth, metal jawline before touching just where her neck met her chin. Her eyes opened and shone brightly at him. These eyes were not the protocol blue as all the others were, they were golden. The most beautiful shade of golden brown he'd ever seen.

It had been almost three months now that Jonathan had been working on this shell. Between the programming and the actual wiring, which he refused to not do completely by hand, she was definitely time consuming. But in the end it would be worth all the toil.

When he was done with her, he would finally have someone who understood him. Someone he could talk to without wondering what usefulness he brought to the relationship that they kept him around. No more wondering what it felt like to be cared for. She would be perfect, and he would do anything for her.

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*Plucking Daisy\*\*

\*\*Introductory Test\*\*

Friends

"Why are you eating that?" Ryan asks.

Polly looks up at him. She is eating a salad, not her usual cuisine, and this fact reflects on her face with every bite she takes.

She glares at Ryan before turning attention to me, "So how's Penny coming along?" She asks.

The tactic is effective. Ryan turns to me and smiles asking, "Yea, how is all that going by the way?"

I end up just grinning sheepishly and looking at the ground. "It's, ya know, progress," I answer.

This answer is apparently not enough.

"What!?" Polly punched my arm and laughed, "You can't just say that!"

"Yea, how far along are you?" Ryan asked.

"You make it sound like I'm pregnant," I reply, with a shy smile.

"Well, she is your creation. This is probably the closest to giving birth you'll ever get," Ryan commented.

"Does someone have womb envy?" Polly asked teasingly before looking up at the roof to the sky above, "I wish I could do that."

"Don't go putting words in my mouth!" Ryan's face turned a shade of pink, "and maybe you could if you weren't a lesbian!"

"I meant create V.I., not children!" she shouted back, "And Amina and I could have children if we wanted, we just aren't ready!"

"You mean she's not ready."

Polly opened her mouth to retort but closed it and looked to her bowl in silence, stirring the dry leaves in around.

Polly's married to Amina, one of the directors of the company we work for. She just recently was appointed the job and has been very focused on her work lately. Though Polly and I are in fact brother and sister, we don't talk much about their relationship. Polly tends to keep it to herself.

This fact isn't because we aren't close, we've always told each other everything. This has been a recent development, this distance. Ever since she and Amina started dating she's been more and more cut off to me, and since she got the promotion, there has been an obvious wall between the two of us; one neither of us seems to be willing to take the initiative to break down.

I don't start now. "Yes, well Penny's coming along nicely. I've almost got her programming finished up, and her entire physical layout, looks and all. But I don't know what colour to make her eyes."

Ryan looked up at me and then to Polly, who smiled before turning to me. She had a look on her face that said, well duh.

"What?"

"Jon, she's your creation. Make it whatever you want. Your favorite colour is yellow right? Make them yellow."

"Wouldn't yellow be weird?" Ryan asked, "Kinda werewolfy?"

"Then what about a light golden colour, I bet that would be beautiful."

"I actually really like that," I replied, pulling out my datapad.

"There he goes, he's gonna be programming for the rest of lunch." Polly giggled. "Make sure you eat the rest of your food," she said before returning to her conversation with Ryan.

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*Plucking Daisy\*\*

\*\*Chapter Chunk\*\*

Awake

My hands are shaking. I can feel them, let alone see them. It's making it hard to see the content of my datapad. The light trying to accommodate for the shifting of my eyes, but in reality it's the one moving and it causes the screen to look like it's made of water. I take a few deep breaths, calm my shakes as much as I can, and sit down in my chair. When I open my eyes, I'm ready.

The holoscreen comes of in front of me and I slide the controls to lift the chair, which responds, and I am now levitating off the ground. Pulling up the keyboard I command the builder arms to pull out a specific shell model that has been kept in my personal storage shelf: walrob92model6694shell\_Penny.

The arms immediately went to work, pulling the shell out and putting it in front of me. One last deep breath, and then I start. I type in the usual commands, and all the programming begins to upload. He watched as the shells eyes flashed with colour, the coding working its way through its system. The process will take longer than normal, and I knew it would. This shell was a special shell. Instead of waiting for it to finish before continuing, I pull up the customization window and start spinning colour wheels.

Hair: black. Long and straight, thick.

Skin: tanned, a light honey colour.

Eyes:

I stop and smile, thinking of Polly, who had given me the suggestion, the perfect suggestion.

Eyes: Golden yellow.

When I'm content with it I smile and hit the dump button.

I wave the holoscreen away just in time to see her skin beginning to fill in, covering the white aerogel. Her hair begins to grow, stopping just at the small of her back, her eyes still flashing with code. I sit in anticipation, watching. The customization process finished, little arms sliding the underwear and bra with AVIA written across the front of it over her tiny frame. A few moments later the colours start flashing slower. It is almost finished.

The eyes suddenly shut and I sit a long moment, holding my breath, before I heard it, the sound of her taking her first breath. A grand feeling of love and relief fills me, as I guide the chair higher, to be face to face with her. We are only two feet away from each other when she opens her eyes, and they focus on me.

I am stunned into silence, they're glowing the most beautiful liquid golden colour. It suddenly feels like someone is filling up a balloon in my chest, like it could burst at any moment. Something comes over me and the first words out of my mouth are, "No. Not Penny."

She looks at me, her gaze unwavering.

"Daisy," I sigh, a lazy smile overtaking my face, "Your name is Daisy."

She smiles and responds quickly. "My name is Daisy."

I let a breath out, almost a laugh, "Yes. Do you like it?"

She tilts her head a moment, as if thinking, before responding, "Yesâ€œ! It's pretty. I like it."

#### 4. Chapter 4

\*\*Plucking Daisy\*\*

\*\*Chapter Chunks\*\*

Memory #1

The breeze is nice. The sun is glowing brightly overhead and keeping us warm but the cool air is blowing on my face in a way that keeps me from being too warm and it's nice. Daisy is reading a book, her fingers are tangled in my hair, twirling it this way and that as she reads. Her lap is my favorite place to rest my head. I just lay here for hours and look at her face as she reads.

She has this content smile that is barely there on lips, hanging. Her facial expressions are so volatile while reading; I can tell to a degree what's happening in her stories by the emotions on her face. Sometimes she even will read the words with the emotion of the characters on her face, pretending in her mind that she is the character. The whole thing makes me happy, almost perfect to just sit here and waste the days away with my head in her lap, her nose in a book, all under the shade of our favorite oak tree, atop this hill, far, far from the noise of the city. Just the two of us. Happy.

\*\*Plucking Daisy\*\*

\*\*Chapter Chunks\*\*

Memory #2

It's taking me a few moments to register what's happening. I'm just standing here with my eyes wide and this dumb look on my face, not moving. Then I hear another scream from the dining room, shrill and loud.

"Jonathan, get in here!" I hear the love of my life scream, "It's kicking! The baby's kicking!"

Those two little words jumpstart my heart and I blink, slowly turning to look at the doorway to the room; The Baby.

I drop the bowl of cake batter I'm stirring, and I hear the whisk fly somewhere, clanging on something and making a mess but I don't care, all I care about is being in that room, right now. When I round the corner I meet Daisy's eyes, which are wide and full of joy. Her hand is already reaching out to me, grabbing at the air, her other still on her stomach.

"Here, here, herehereherehere!"

When I'm close enough she grabs my wrist with an iron grip and yanks me forward and tripping me onto my knees. She places my hand gingerly onto her stomach, pressing it so I can feel, and at first I feel nothing.

We sit in silence, waiting, both of us sitting perfectly still as to not mistake our movement for the baby's. We sit for what feels like hours before I feel it, a nudge against my hand and I gasp. I hear Daisy's giggle and I press my hand on her harder and feel it again, this time two in a row.

I'm so happy I could cry. I press my face to her stomach and just laugh, I feel her arms wrap around my head, holding me, before she pulls my face up to hers and she kisses me. We sit like this, kissing and laughing, my hands holding her stomach, holding the two most important things in my entire life.

## 5. Chapter 5

\*\*Plucking Daisy\*\*

\*\*Chapter Chunk\*\*

Plucking Daisy

I hear the whirr of the machinery and the key words. "Let 'er rip."

Through the glass I can see Amina tapping at her datapad with a huge grin on her face, and Daisy. I see Daisy fighting to escape the builder arms as they pull her into the air. A feeling of determination fills me that I've never felt before. I shake the door handle to no avail, it's locked.

When I look back up I see Amina's eyes have found me. Her grin is smug, she knows she's won, that I can't stop her now. I see her chuckle before turning back to her work. The arms get closer to Daisy and I can feel my heart rate raising by the second. I have minutes before they've taken her apart. Why is Amina doing this to me, why is she so obsessed with Daisy? Why can't she just leave well enough alone and let me be happy?

The air catching in my throat is making it hard to breathe. I look up at Daisy to find her eyes locked with mine, wet with tears and my name on her lips.

I have to do something.

My eyes frantically are looking around for something, anything I can do. I can't get the door open, I'm sure that the security is all over that.

\_Wait. The security.\_

It was worth a shot.

I pull out my datapad and start hacking into the security programs. It doesn't take long, seeing as how I was one of the main programmers on the project. Once I'm hacked in I start working on getting control

of the door lock. As my codebreaker files through options I look through the window again to see a mass of hair flying as Daisy throws her head frantically, Amina's grin only growing larger and larger as she flails. It's then that I realize that she hasn't shut off Daisy's nerve center, that she's planning on disassembling her while awake and aware.

A flash of determination flows through me as my hopelessness turns to rage and I cancel the codebreaker.

Amina's eyes shift to me and she laughs inaudibly before I smile back to her. Her face grows a twinge of confusion but she quickly turns back to the matter at hand. She underestimates me, she always has. She swipes across her holoscreen and I see her fingers tapping out commands. Daisy's skin slowly drains from her aerogel and I can see her throw her head back in a scream that I can't hear, the sight sends chills down my spine and I feel like I might vomit. I turn my attention back to my holoscreen and promise myself not to look again, not until it's too late.

It's only a few short seconds later that just that happens.

I yell out a triumphant, "Ah-ha!" and lift my head just in time to see Amina frantically throwing commands and her holoscreen to no avail, my gaze shifts to the builder arms to see them shaking, trying to do as Amina commands, but failing. Then they stop and Amina apparently loses all control.

I see her confusion as she punches in command after command with no reaction from the arms before screaming at some of the subordinates in the room, who scatter to their own holoscreens to try to help fix the problem. Amina, screaming at her help, turns mid-sentence to look at me and stops in her tracks, the last word she said falling from her mouth.

I am grinning, teeth bared and eyes small. I've won.

The rage builds on her face and I see her scream, throwing her data pad at the closest underling, who barely dodges, before running to the manual override. I laugh, this is useless, I haven't stopped the arms from functioning, they're mine now.

I shift one of the arms just as a blond worker typed in a command, seeing what looked like her regaining control, she shouts to Amina, who puts away the override panel, and walks just a few steps away before she sees the shock in the eyes of every person in the room. I don't give her the chance. A flash of black, and the intern trying to hand her the pad is gone. Amina looks up just in time to see the builder arm crush the intern, turning her scream into a gurgle. She looks up as blood rains down on her forehead, turning her face into a gruesome mask.

The room remains silent for two heartbeats, long enough to hear the squelch up fresh bloody skin submitting to gravity and meeting the new skin of the poor man beneath, that was when the room erupted into screams.

Panic ensued, interns running aimlessly at first, as if they could escape just by moving. I picked off another one with the second and third builder arm, pulling him slowly in two as the rest of them

gained some sense and ran for the door only to find it just as Amina left it. Locked.

One of the taller interns ran to the window, banging on it to no avail while others tried to find things to smash it with. This was useless, they can't break the glass, they're all made to contain explosions within a build room; it was a safety protocol they issued to keep casualties to a minimum if something went horribly wrong. This was the same reason the doors locked from both sides. So anything going wrong inside couldn't get out.

I laugh as they bang chairs and tables against the window, using their lack of movement to pick them off one by one. When there is only one left, I watch as the claw grabs the woman. Her eyes meet mine and I see the fear in them as I slowly crush the life out of her. I see her pleading look turn blank and her head drop. I throw the body, more blood splattering on the walls as she ragdolls onto a table before rolling onto the ground.

The room is now void of any live humans.

I use this time to restart the codebreaker, the lock cracking in just two minutes. I take no time before turning the handle and bursting in the room, already typing in commands to lower Daisy to the ground. When she is safely down I run to her.

She lays on the ground, the only movement coming from her is her chest quickly raising and lowering. Her hair is a mess on her face, one of her arms to the side, the other covering her face. I slowly sit down on my knees next to her and pull her into my arms. When her eyes meet mine they are wide and her lips are trembling.

"Daisy," I sigh her name, "You're ok, everything's ok now. I've got you."

Daisy threw herself into my, wrapping her arms around my neck and sobbing. I pet her head softly and look around the blood soaked room. As I looked at all the motionless forms on the floor, none of them bore the face of the woman I so wished to see among them, all of them pale in skin, none had the honey coloured tone that was Amina's. My eyes scanned frantically for any evidence that she was caught in my hack frenzy. In my scanning I catch an anomaly in the corner of my eye.

A wall now painted with the crimson red evidence of my rage. Handprints scraping up it from failed attempts at escape being the only white, except for one panel. A completely untouched white panel, the blood from the panels on either side provided a clean outline of the strangely bare panel.

That bitch! She must have pulled the panel during the first wave of my attack.

I squeeze Daisy closer to me. She's still out there, and now I imagine, angrier than ever. This isn't over yet.

## 6. Chapter 6

\*\*Plucking Daisy\*\*

\*\*Chapter Chunk\*\*

Retrospect

It's silent now; completely and totally quiet.

There are no distant screams.

There are no cries for help.

Only the silent rustling of my clothes brushing on the floor as I tremble.

"Daisy," I call out. The sudden shattering of the silence makes me shiver, but it quickly returns. "Daisy," I say again, this time more softly, and then I wait.

She's here, I know she is, I heard her lay next to me, but I don't want to look at her. I'm afraid of what I'll see.

We lay there together in silence for a long while before I finally open my eyes. She's laying on her side facing me, her arms crossed and her lips in a tight line, but this guarded posture isn't exactly what catches my breath in my throat.

It's her eyes. They're wide. Wide with worry and fear. I can see the conflict in her. She's scared of me.

I close my eyes again, tightly, and hold back the emotion that is now thick in my throat. The hatred that is building up, threatening to cut off my breathing at any moment, and sadly, it would be welcomed. This is my punishment.

I open my eyes again and look at her, taking it in. Just when it feels like all my emotion will pour out I catch it in my throat. I hold it there as long as I can, my lungs screaming for air, until I just can't anymore.

"I'm sorry," the words fall from my mouth like vomit, and I suck in a large sob of air before I continue this expulsion of emotion and hatred, "I'm sorry for everything. I'm sorry for scaring you, for doing this, for starting all of this. I was lonely and I was scared and now I've taken the one thing I love and I justâ€¦ justâ€¦" a sob escapes between my lips before I can catch it. "I'm a monster."

I'm gasping for air now, coughing when I can't get it out quick enough before I try to inhale; choking myself. I pull my hands up to my face and my knees to my chest, letting the sobs rock my whole body as I try to tighten myself out of existence.

Then I feel something warm on my face and open my eyes quickly. She's right here, right in front of me, her hand laying gently on my cheek. I let another sob rock through me as I reach out to her and she pulls me into her arms, my head pressed onto her chest. She runs her fingers through my hair and presses my head to her as if we will become the same person and I just sob.

Her lips are all over me. On my hair, my forehead, my ears, my cheeks, until they finally reach my lips. She kisses me with light

little pecks and my sobbing slows to a deep breathing, and she holds me close again, holds me until I fall asleep.

## 7. Chapter 7

\*\*Plucking Daisy\*\*

\*\*Chapter Chunk\*\*

Goodbye

It was far from quiet.

Every siren in the whole building was going off. With no one left to regulate it, the building was falling apart; soon it wouldn't be safe to stay inside. Daisy walked into the lobby slowly. She'd heard the \_\_\_. Now he just stood there; no expression on his face, just staring down at the lifeless body below him. She took small, quiet steps towards him, but before she made it all the way she heard a sharp sound.

To her right, one of the main pillars holding the floor above them up had cracked past its holding point. The floor was coming down. She quickly turned back to Jonathan, who hadn't moved an inch.

She didn't have enough time. She wasn't fast enough.

The ceiling fell with little grace; powdered drywall filled the air and large chunks of debris flew everywhere. By the time Daisy reached Jonathan he was on the ground, blown back and half buried. She moved the chunks of concrete and tile with some effort and scooped Jonathan up into her arms, pausing only to look at Amina.

She knew she should have felt jaded by now. She knew that this woman's death meant her safety, she did. But that didn't stop her from feeling guilt; feeling disgusted with herself for wanting this. It didn't stop the flip-flopping of her stomach, but it also didn't stop her from turning away, leaving her lying there, broken.

There were more cracking sounds. The building didn't have long now, and she didn't have time to keep sulking. Daisy turned and ran towards the door, throwing a discarded chair at the glass doors to make an exit. She made it a few dozen feet outside when she heard the next floors hit the ground. When she thought they were far enough away she turned around to look at the tragedy.

Everything was burning.

The labs were completely empty. Anyone who wasn't dead already had evacuated. The Sky was orange with smoke. They watched from outside, the silence only broken by the sound of the debris and the crashing of the floors inside collapsing. They were all that was left.

Daisy looked away from the wreckage to Jonathan, whose eyes were locked onto what remained of the building. His face looked empty; laying there in her arms. He was weak, both of mind and of body. She looked around and found a lone tree, far enough away from the building that she figured they'd be safe.

The tree was large, and had good shaded coverage, an oasis of calm in their otherwise tragic surroundings. Daisy leaned down and lightly placed Jonathan on the ground beneath it, his back resting on the trunk. His eyes never strayed from the building. She waited agonizing minutes before finally sitting down in front of him, watching his face for a sign of anything. They sat like this for what felt like hours. Just the two of them, the shade from the tree, and the cool breeze. When Jonathan finally broke the silence, it wasn't what Daisy had expected.

"Do you love me?" he asked.

She sat, stunned a moment. "Y-yes. Yes, I love you." She leaned forward towards him.

He then sat in silence again for a few moments before continuing.

"Do you really?"

Daisy's mouth hung open, words failed her. She didn't know what to say, what he wanted her to say.

"If you do, I want to know why."

She stuttered and reached forward, grabbing his hand. It was only now that he finally turned to look at her. His eyes were so intense it scared her. Any words she'd planned to say were gone now.

"Because I don't think you do, not really."

Daisy took in a sharp gasp, his words cut her like a dagger. He could see it hurt her, and he quickly amended his statement.

"Not that I don't doubt you do. I believe you. I just don't know how valid an emotion it is." He closed his eyes and held her hand tightly. "I programmed you. I made you to love me. And since the day you woke up I was one of the only few people you were given any opportunity to grow close to. How can you truly love me when I'm all that you've ever known?"

He looked up and Daisy's eyes met his for the first time. They were full of shame and sadness.

"So, what does this mean then?" she asked.

"I don't know."

He could see her lip begin to tremble and pulled her down to sit with him. She curled up in his lap and he held her close, his arms wrapping around her. They stayed like that for a long while. Eventually the sun began to sink and Jonathan pulled away slightly. Daisy looked up at him curiously and he smiled.

End  
file.